

THE MUSICAL WORLD,

A MAGAZINE OF
ESSAYS, CRITICAL AND PRACTICAL
AND WEEKLY RECORD OF
Musical Science, Literature, and Intelligence.

“Ἡ μὲν ἁρμονία ἀόρατόν τι καὶ ἀσώματον,
καὶ πάγκαλόν τι καὶ θεῖόν ἐστιν.”

PLAT. Phædo. sec. xxxvi.

Music is a something viewless and incorporeal,
an all-gracious and a God-like thing.

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WE are spirit sick—our hand falters, and our pen drops bitter tears, while we bulletin the disappointing fact that—the English Opera enterprize is—no more. Some particulars respecting the sudden closing of the Lyceum Theatre, on Saturday last, will be found amongst our miscellaneous notices; but the causes and effects of this unfortunate catastrophe, are of too serious a nature to be slightly mentioned; the *latter* pressing severely, as they do, upon the pockets and prospects of more than a hundred and fifty individuals, thus momentarily thrown out of employ, and involving the vital interests of dramatic music itself; while the *former* must, in the minds of all thinking persons, cast a reproachful blot upon the reputation of certain children of the art—wayward, spoiled, and ungrateful children—which scarcely any excuse can palliate, and which the lustre of their talents, however bright, will not very speedily shine away.

It is known, that the undertaking was entered upon conjointly by Mr. Balfe, Mr. H. Phillips, Mr. Wilson, Mr. Stretton, Mr. Barker, and others, with the avowed hope and purpose of establishing an English musical theatre in London; and that certain patriotic individuals and lovers of the Art enrolled themselves as subscribers towards a liberal fund for setting the scheme afloat—to which subscription the Highest Name in these kingdoms was most graciously and, we will add, gracefully appended—and that the public evinced an early alacrity and willingness to support the speculation, unprejudiced by many a previous disappointment and disgust. Now, it is hardly worth while to question minutely, the sincerity of the avowed intentions of the projectors; since, we believe, that every action of poor humanity may be traced, directly or indirectly, to some personal motive or instinct; but we are sticklers for the right denomination of matters, and doings, and we cannot be blind to the glaring fact, that Mr. Balfe had his motive (over and above the advancement of his art), in the production of his own compositions, which must have otherwise slept on the shelves of his study; and in the attempt

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to establish his *cara sposa* as a first singer on the English stage—a distinction for which the lady, unfortunately, is gifted with but very inconsiderable qualifications. Nor is the under current of Mr. Phillips's motive less apparent: we have stated Mr. Balfe's as "over and above," because it was paramount and unconcealed; but Mr. Phillips has a *sub rosa* motive, as revealed by his own letters, for we therein perceive that he stipulates for the engagement of another person when embarking in the project, and quarrels with his fellow voyagers even before the vessel has put off, on finding that some demur had arisen respecting the reception of that person on board. It would doubtless prove an easy, though by no means a felicitous task, to trace out the hidden and unhidden stimulatives of of the rest of the enterprisers. One general inducement, however, is sufficiently obvious, in the want of any market for their several individual talent and stock in trade, and this, amongst right-minded people, would have proved a bond of union, whence the cause itself might have gained strength and stamina, and which the ordinary shocks of fortune could not have broken. But we see that the parties in question are not of the straightforward persevering class: that they are not men of business, much less of foresight or prudence; and that their personal motives, simulated under currents, private inducements, *amours propres* (our readers, perhaps, will add a still more biting expression) have prevailed beyond all discretion or propriety, and almost wilfully brought about the ruin of as fair a speculation as ever dawned upon adventurers with the cheering rays of promised triumph and ultimate success.

In the first place, Mr. Balfe stands charged, by the whole company, with the wasteful expenditure of the entire amount of the sum subscribed, in producing his opera of *Keolanthe*. This might have arisen out of inexperience, or want of managerial tact, though we are loth to compliment Mr. Balfe so badly. Be it as it may, such expenditure prevented the immediate production of any other opera, even had his own failed; and thus the cautious enquirer will at once discover how Mr. B.'s individual interests were secured; for, by bringing *Keolanthe* before the public with the advantage of an expensive display, it had the fairest chance of success, and, if coldly received, by retaining it constantly without a rival, the value and sale of the music was enhanced with the publishers. Mr. H. Phillips's faults have been already sufficiently discussed; we have only now to say that, as little things rise by comparison with smaller, so his offence becomes venial by the side of what has followed: he quitted the undertaking while it was yet solvent; he gave repeated notices of his intention to do so, and guilty or innocent, he has manfully admitted his readiness to answer for his conduct. But what are we to think of Mr. Wilson, who, after warping the enterprise out of its natural course, for the purpose of displaying his pretensions as an actor as well as a singer, suddenly palls at his own very natural discomfiture, and deserts the vessel at the moment her pumps require all hands to keep her from sinking?

And what is to be said of Mr. John Barnett and his pupil, Miss Gould? surely, their's was the

"Most unkindest cut of all."

We can afford to dismiss the young lady very briefly, for we are aware she is under "the master's influence;" but we will just whisper her, by way of a friendly lessoning, that so far from refusing to perform on Saturday last, she might have been more justly thankful to have *paid* for the opportunity of cultivating her immature and, but for the English Opera, still unknown talent. To

Mr. Barnett, whose acknowledged abilities, by none more highly estimated than by ourselves, might have inspired him with wiser notions; and whose recent most miserable failure at the Prince's Theatre, should, at least, have taught him commiseration—but above all, to that Mr. John Barnett, who has been wont to put himself forward as the champion of the Art, we are bound in justice to say, and we do it with a shudder of pain rather than disgust, that his conduct on Saturday last betrayed the very worst and weakest feelings—assimilating as it did (alas! too strongly) with that of the Coward, who strikes the fallen—of the Reckless, who despatch the already-wounded.

For our brother artists—good men and true—there is no better consolation than the inspiring energy which these untoward mishaps, very naturally awaken in the generous breast—to the real lovers of music in this country—few and far between—who have assisted and sympathized with this unfortunate struggle, we beg to offer our most sincere and grateful acknowledgments, and to Music herself, we say, in the words of the poet—

“ The darkest day,
Wait till to-morrow will have passed away.”

THE LIFE OF A COMPOSER, AN ARABESQUE.

BY CARL MARIA VON WEBER.

(Continued from page 308.)

* * Here several blank pages occur in the manuscript, in the midst of which, is one, apparently the heading of some new essay, inscribed—

“ Fragment of a musical tour which may, perhaps, some day make its appearance.”

At length the writer recommences his sprightly and imaginative sketches as follows.—
Ed. M. W.

THE DREAM.

Delighted with the performance of an admirable symphony, and satisfied with an excellent dinner, I fell into a gentle slumber, and in a dream beheld myself suddenly transported back to the concert-room, where I found all the instruments in grand council under the presidency of the sweet-voiced Oboe. To the right, a party had arranged themselves, consisting of a Viola d'amore, Corno Bassetto, Viole di Gamba, and Flauto Dolce, each pouring forth melancholy complaints, as to the degeneracy of the present era of music, and full of regrets for the good old times: to the left, the lady Oboe was harranguing a circle of Clarionets and Flutes, both old and young, some without keys, and some decked in all the finery of modern additions; and in the centre was the courtly Pianoforte, attended by several sprightly Violins, who were well read in the schools of Pleyel and Girowetz. The Trumpets and Horns had formed themselves into a thinking conclave in a corner; while the Piccolo-flutes and Flageolets occasionally filled the whole room with their squeaking and infantine strains. Surveying them all with an air of satisfaction, the lady Oboe declared, that the whole of this arrangement was admirable, quite *à la* Jean Paul, and in strict conformity with the system carried to such perfection by Pestalozzi.

All appeared very comfortable, when, on a sudden, the morose *Contrabasso* accompanied by a couple of kindred Violoncellos, burst into the room in a transport of passion, and threw himself so impetuously into the director's chair, that the Pianoforte, as well as all the rest of the stringed instruments, uttered an involuntary sound of terror.

“ It were enough,” he exclaimed, “ to play the devil with me, if such compositions were to be given daily. Here am I, just come from the rehearsal of a symphony of one of our newest composers; and although, as is known, my structure is none of the weakest, and my constitution pretty tough, I could scarce hold it out longer; five minutes more, and I am sure my chest must have

given way, and my life-strings have been snapped in twain. Really, my friends, I have been made to bellow and bluster like an old he-goat in hysterics! If any more such work goes on, and I am left to do the duty of a dozen violins and my own too, curse me if I do not turn dancing master's *kit*, and gain my livelihood by the performance of Muller and Kauer's waltzes and minuets!"

First Violoncello (wiping the perspiration from his forehead). "Certainly; *cher pere* is right; I am perfectly exhausted by the task I have had to perform. Never since the operas of Cherubini, do I recollect experiencing so violent an *echauffement*."

All the Instruments. "Explain, explain!"

Second Violoncello. "What? the symphony? No words could explain it, and if they could, you would not endure to sit and hear it. According to the principles which my divine master, Romberg, instilled into me, the composition we have just executed is a sort of musical monster, which has no other merit than that of a vain attempt to be new and original, at the expense of truth and consistency. Why, we were made to climb up aloft like the violins and"—

First Violoncello (interrupting him). "As if we could not do it quite as well!"

A Violin. "Let every one keep within his own rank."

A Viola. "Aye, or what will remain for me to do, who stand between the two."

First Violoncello. "Oh, as to you, *you* are out of the question. *Your* utility is merely to keep in unison with *us*; or, at best, to produce a tolerable *tremolo*, as, for instance, in *Der Wassertrager* [the Water-Carrier]; but as to what regards *fine tone*"—

First Oboe. "Ah, as to that, who will venture to contest the point with me?"

First Clarinet. "Madame, you will surely allow *us* to say something on that head. I suppose we may claim some talent!"—

First Flute. "Yes, for marches, and for pleasing the holiday folks."

First Basson. "Who comes nearer to the divine tenor than myself?"

First Horn. "Why, surely, you won't pretend to the delicacy and power which all the world allows to me?"

Pianoforte (with dignity). "And what is *all this*, compared to the body of harmony which I possess? While you are severally but parts of a whole, I am all sufficient; and"—

All the Instruments (vociferating together). "Peace, peace, braggart! You have no power to sustain a single note."

First Oboe. "No *portamento*."

Second Flageolet. "Yes, there Mamma is in the right."

Second Violoncello. If a stranger heard this uproar, Ladies and Gentlemen, might he not say with justice, that sticklers as we are for individual merit, we are, as a body, the very foes to harmony."

Trumpets and Drums (falling in, fortissimo). "Silence! hear *us*: What, pray, would be the effect of any composition without *our* assistance? Unless we kept the game alive, who would applaud, think you?"

Flutes. "Noise delights vulgar souls; the true sublime consists in the soft and the touching."

First Violin. "And but for my *conducting*, in what a pretty predicament would the whole of you be!"

Contrabasso (starting from the chair). "You will at least allow that I *sustain* the entire effect; and that without me the whole would be nothing."

Omnes (each starting up). "I alone am the life and soul—without me no composition would be worth the hearing!"

At this moment, the Director entered the apartment; all was agitation and alarm, and the different instruments huddled into the corner together; they knew whose skilful hand could call forth and combine their powers.

"What!" cried he, "again in open rebellion! Now, mind me—the *Sinfonia Eroica* of Beethoven is about to be performed; and every one of you who can move key or member will be then put in active requisition."

"O! for heaven's sake! anything but that!" was the general exclamation.

"Rather," said the Viola, "let us have an Italian opera; then we may occasionally nod."

"Nonsense!" replied the Director, "you must accomplish the task. Do you imagine that, in these enlightened times, when all rules are set at naught, and all difficulties cleared at a bound, a composer will, out of compliment to you, cramp his divine, gigantic, and high soaring fancies? Thank heaven, there is no longer any question as to regularity, perspicuity, keeping, and truth of expression; these are left to such old-fashioned masters as Gluck, Handel and Mozart. No! attend to the materials of the most recent symphony that I have received from Vienna, and which may serve as a recipe for all future ones.—First, a slow movement, full of short, broken ideas, no one of which has the least connexion with another—every ten minutes, or so, a few striking chords! then a muffled rumbling on the kettle drums, and a mysterious passage or two for the violas, all worked up with a due proportion of pauses and stops. Finally, when the audience has just entered into the spirit of the thing, and would as soon expect the devil himself as an *allegro*,—lo!—a raging movement, in managing which the principal consideration is, to avoid following up any particular idea—thus leaving more to the hearer to make out himself. Sudden transitions also, from one key to another, should by no means be omitted: nor need this put one out of the way; to run once through the semitones, as Paer, for instance, has done in his *Leonore*, and drop into that key which is most convenient, is sufficient, and you have a modulation off hand. The grand thing is to avoid everything that looks like a conformity to rule—rules are made for every-day men, and do but cramp the freedom of genius."

While the learned Director was thus exclaiming, suddenly a string of the guitar, which was hanging on the wall near me, snapped, and I awoke, to my no small vexation, for I was on the high road towards becoming a great composer of the newest school.

I ought, however, to have been thankful for the little incident that had awakened me, for I had overslept myself, and I hastened to put a finishing hand to the piece which I had left upon my desk. On running it over, I was delighted to find that it was *not* according to the recipe of the learned Director, and with spirits buoyant with hope, I went to finish the evening at the theatre, and witness the performance of *Don Juan*.

(To be continued.)

CORRESPONDENCE.

THE "MONSTER CONCERT."

To the Editor of the Musical World.

SIR—I attended Benedict's concert yesterday with a pit ticket: I got there at a quarter to one; but found the room quite full, and more than fifty people standing at the door and in the passage through the room, unable to get seats, and who were obliged to stand during the whole of the concert.

I should be glad to call the attention of the public by the pages of your publication, of this shameful conduct of Mr. Benedict in issuing so many more tickets than the room will hold, and thus depriving many of the buyers of a great part of the pleasure of the concert, in obliging them to stand in a crowded hot room; and not only that, but preventing many people entirely from staying, as I myself witnessed; persons who had bought tickets but when they arrived at the concert-room either could not get in at all; or, if they did get in, not being able to get a seat, were obliged to retire altogether, owing to the heat and pressure.—I am, sir, your's, &c.,

PHILOCANTUS.

[We print the above as a gentle hint to *beneficiaires* to take some step for the prevention of disappointment. We were witness to the inaccommodation and nonaccommodation of several of Mr. Benedict's friends, not to mention the regret evident in many a fair face at being forced to return home, unable to catch a glimpse or a sound of what was doing in the concert-room. We are aware of

the difficulty of providing against so uncertain a contingency, since concert-rooms are not yet constructed of india-rubber, or other elastic material; but Mr. Benedict might have transferred his audience to the adjoining theatre without having had very much room to spare; and we do hope, on a future occasion, that he will recur to his old practice, and give us a concert in the cooler temperature of her Majesty's Theatre, and with the light and shade which the addition of a good orchestra essentially affords. We are persuaded the public will readily reimburse the additional outlay, and that Mr. Benedict's friends will thank him for an improved and pleasanter entertainment.

REVIEW.

The Sacred Lyrist; an Easter Offering of Poetry and Music. Edited by Charles Jefferys. Jefferys and Nelson.

This volume consists of fourteen pieces of music and accompanying poetry, with an instrumental introduction—which we shall proceed to consider separately, before speaking of the manner in which the work is got up.

The first piece of music is a Voluntary for the organ, or pianoforte, by W. H. Montgomery, comprising a slow introduction of eight bars, and a quick movement of about 180—the whole of which consists of the repetition of one very common place figure in different keys, and on different notes of the same key. The less we say of this the better; but there is one progression at the end we cannot pass over: it is this—Diminished seventh on A sharp, chord of B major, diminished seventh on G sharp, the same chord continued on G natural, the ♯ on F sharp the D being natural, then the chord of E minor. Can anything be worse than this?

The next is a song by E. J. Loder, in E minor, and is more the product of a practised musician than a work of genius. There is a magnificent progression into G, which is followed by a very long, and not particularly agreeable sequence—going to the half close on F sharp, leading to the second part on the dominant. The melody crawls upwards by semitones, from G sharp to F sharp. There is an error of the press in the second part—a sharp omitted to the A on the word “of,” in the sentence “And pearls of the ocean.” We recommend this, as, though by no means the best of E. J. Loder's efforts, it is very much above par. The words are like the music, the little work of a great man.

The second vocal piece is by Stephen Glover—it is very short and not unpleasant. The first part consists of four bars, which are repeated; the second of four more, and then the first four bars slightly varied.

There is one vital objection to this song—the different rhythm of the first and second parts. The first part is barred correctly, the second should have begun at the half bar; as it stands, the strong accent on the full close occurs in the middle, instead of at the beginning, of the bar. This cannot be altered, as, were it commenced at the half bar, there could be no recurrence to the first part, which must commence on the bar. These two rhythms cannot exist together in so short a song.

Vocal No. 3 is a “Hymn on the Nativity,” by T. Phillips, in E major. There is a long note appended to the table of contents, on the peculiar beauty of this hymn. It is exceedingly well voiced, and has a tolerably pretty, though not a very new melody. The progression into C in the second part, and the return to the key, are very well managed, though we have heard the same thing done before more than once. We should be exceedingly delighted to hear of music like this finding its way into our churches, as it would improve the voice, ear, and taste, of their congregations; promote part singing, and lead the way to the performance in the same place of higher works of art. With this view, we strongly recommend this hymn. The words, by the Rev. Hobart Caunter, are below mediocrity.

Vocal No. 4 is a song in E flat, by G. A. Macfarren; words by the Rev. J. R. Wreford, F.S.A. The melody is exceedingly clear, distinct, and pleasing—the accompaniment faultless. Perhaps the saying that “Poets always succeed best

in fiction" may be the reason why words on sacred subjects are generally worse than any other, as they certainly are; and the words of this song will not very much tend to refute the adage.

Vocal No. 5. Music by J. W. Davison; Words by Samuel Esse, Esq. The only peculiarity in this song is, that the counter tenor part of the first symphony requires to be turned into the tenor part, by placing it an octave lower, which would make the progression of the melody clear, it not being altogether so at present. The words are of pretty much the same quality as the last.

The sixth vocal piece is by J. R. Webb. Words by Rev. J. Young, M. A. Of this we shall say but little; we recommend our readers to try the real quality of the melody by playing it a little faster than the marked time. At the words, "the spirit thrills with pure delight," Mr. W. has taken the melody of a sequence of the sevenths in Mozart's "Batti batti." We wish he had taken the harmony too. Words much as the preceding.

The next is by S. Glover; words by Pope. This is an exceedingly brilliant scena; and we have no doubt would be very effective if sung by a powerful tenor, such as Mr. Leoni Lee. It keeps too long in the key—five pages of the key of C is almost too much; but still, though deficient in form, we doubt not it would be effective; and there are no passages to strain the voice. This is a capital song for a tenor who can keep his time, to show off with before his friends. Of the words, we need but say they are from Pope's "Messiah," and, as far as they go, are perfect.

The next song is by C. W. Glover; the words by Florence Wilson. This is one of the most elegant little songs we have seen for many a day. The melody pure; the harmony natural; the words are many degrees better than any preceding, except those of Pope. We recommend this most strongly to our readers.

We have not space to follow the rest at length. The next, the music by N. S. Godfrey, is very long, and not remarkably interesting, for it keeps too much in the same key; the words are from the Scriptures.

The next, by Thomas Baynham, is a very pretty song, with a particularly bold bass; it is in B flat. We do not admire the second part finishing in the subdominant, and then the first part instantly recommencing on the tonic; it is rather new, but not very pleasant. The words, by the Rev. J. R. Wreford, F.S.A., are not disagreeable.

Mr. Montgomery's anthem, "O be joyful" follows. The music is about as new as the words, and they are from David's Psalms: it is six pages long.

The next, is a duet by James Hine. It is rather long, but will do very well for young ladies to sing on a Sunday evening. The words are by Professor Kebell. We do not happen to know of what Mr. Kebell may be professor; but, judging from the specimen before us, we should think *not* of poetry, at all events.

The next, is by Clement White; the words paraphrased from Isaiah, by Desmond Ryan. We shall say little of this, more than to recommend Mr. Clement White to go to church a little oftener, in order that he may catch the style of sacred music; for anything less fitted for sacred song than the present composition, we have seldom heard. In the poetry, the nominative case, "the wilderness," is at the beginning stalking about without any verb to call its own.

The fourteenth, and last song in the book, is by S. Nelson; the words by Charles Jefferys. This song has a tolerably clear, though not new melody, and we dare say may obtain its share of Sabbath popularity. We do not greatly admire the manner of modulating into C, independently of two endings being made in the key, in four bars. The words are (after those of Pope) the best in the book. The different quotations from Scripture (with one of which almost literally each verse concludes) are introduced in an extremely neat manner. We are sorry Mr. Jefferys has been so modest as only to introduce one set of his words into this book; for we know of few song writers of the present day who are Mr. Jeffery's equal; we hope to see this work continued yearly, and trust, that in the next volume Mr. Jefferys will not insert any verses of less merit than his own.

Of the manner in which the book is got up, we cannot express ourselves in too high praise, notwithstanding the faults on which we have remarked, the ma-

terials are of a much higher order than those of any similar publication which we have seen. There is a first-rate title-page containing a head of Christ in the centre, and copies of four celebrated pictures, illustrating passages in his life and death round it, executed in chrono-lithography; and is as good a specimen as we have seen.

The publishers deserve every encouragement, both from the public and the profession—from the profession in particular—from their exceeding liberality toward, and gentlemanly treatment of, those professors with whom they have dealing; forming a great contrast with the behaviour of other houses we could name. Their motto appears to be—"Live and let live." We sincerely hope that they may reap the benefit of their spirited conduct.

Melodies, by P. D. Guglielmo. Paris: Bernard, Latte, and Others. Chappell. London. *Amore e Speme Romanza*, by Guglielmo. Chappell.

Both of these are mere vocal exercises with words; and, were the words of the same rhythm, they might be changed without injuring either song. It is not a bit too clear, in what key the melody of the 1st pieces is, and, the accompaniment renders it still more doubtful.

If M. Guglielmo be an Italian, as the name imports, we wish to heaven he would favour his own country, and not ours, with his delectable productions.

MR. WORDSWORTH.—We have re-perused this gentleman's letter, which we will not degrade him by printing, because we think weak human nature is not answerable for the aberrations of a hasty moment—what we said of his song in our Number for April 22, was said in perfect sincerity—we have looked through Mr. Wordsworth's song again, and our judgment is unchanged—if we are wrong in our surmise, that the melody and accompaniment are by different hands, we are extremely sorry for it—sorry for our own mistake, and for Mr. Wordsworth's double error. There is but one appeal, and to the umpirage of real musicians, we most confidently refer the decision.

OBITUARY.

Professor John Thomson of the University of Edinburgh, died at his residence in Howe-Street, in that city, on Thursday the 6th inst. The art, the college, and a numerous circle of private friends, have thus experienced a loss which will not easily be reimbursed, nor soon forgotten; and the florescence of classical music in the Scottish capital has been "nipt in the bud" and blighted, till the advent of some new, and we trust more enduring spring influence.

The following, from a correspondent, will be acceptable to our readers:—For some time back, and particularly since the College Concert, which he so ably directed in February last, the health of this talented individual has been rapidly declining. His constitution, never strong, had greatly suffered by a protracted illness some few years ago. He, however, gradually recovered; and his friends entertained the cheering hope that his health had become so far confirmed as to remove any apprehension of a premature bereavement. Mr. Thomson was the eldest son of the late Rev. Dr. Andrew Thomson, one of the most eminent divines that ever appeared in the Church of Scotland, he inherited his father's exquisite taste and strong predilection for the science of music. Prudential motives, however, induced Dr. Thomson to discourage this natural bent, and to place his son in the office of one of the first legal establishments in Edinburgh. Here Professor Thomson served the usual apprenticeship; but while he gave all formal attention to the comparatively dry pursuits of the law, it was evident that his mind took but little share in the task, and that his natural gifts were ardently directed to other and very different studies. His musical criticisms, although their author was known but to a few, attracted general attention, not only by the profound and intimate knowledge they displayed of the science, but by the elegance and beauty of the literary composition. When, according to the will of General Reid, who bequeathed ample funds for the purpose, a musical chair was

established in the University of Edinburgh, Mr. Thomson became a candidate; and, although opposed by others senior to himself, and also of great eminence in the science, the trustees of General Reid conceived that they best fulfilled the responsible duty by fixing on Mr. Thomson. Alas, he has been destined to fill this honourable office but for an extremely brief period! It is also but a few short months since Professor Thomson was united to a daughter of Principal Lee, which circumstance gives even additional poignancy to the feelings of his relatives and friends, as it must do to the sympathies of all, and they were not few, who took an interest in the career of this generous, amiable, and most accomplished young man.

MME. ELIZABETH FILIPOWICZ died at her late residence, Clarendon-Street, Somers'-Town, on the fourth instant, after a very protracted illness. Mme. Filipowicz was known and esteemed by the musical public as a very superior performer on the violin—she was the wife of a Polish refugee; and, having taken lessons of Spohr, in early life, as an amusing accomplishment; she, in the hours of adversity, turned her talent to the best advantage, and, for several years, obtained a very considerable patronage in the highest musical circles.

MUSICAL INTELLIGENCE. METROPOLITAN.

MISS BINCKES'S CONCERT.—We were much pleased to meet a goodly company at the Hanover-square Rooms, on Thursday evening, to welcome the entrance into professional life, of a young lady who bids fair to become one of its ornaments. Miss Binckes is an unaffected intelligent child of twelve years of age, who plays on the pianoforte in a very surprising manner. Her performance of an *Aria con gran variazione*, of Beethoven's Sonata for piano and violin (that played by Messrs. Liszt and Eliason last year), and Thalberg's *Mose Fantasia*, displayed a rapidity of execution and power of hand, very rarely excelled. She seems to have got over that tedious and wearisome process essential for the thorough mastery of the keyboard; and we recommend her, and her talented master, Mr. Aspull, henceforth to struggle for the attainment of that higher range of study, the just appreciation and sympathetic delivery of the *poetry* of the Art. It is matter of regret that some piece of more sentiment, and less executorial dexterity, was not selected for the occasion; since, the good report we have heard of Miss Binckes from qualified judges, and the native sensibility of her appearance, lead us to infer that the better and higher style is within her grasp, and that she is already capable of mental as well as manual music. Miss Binckes also sang "*Una voce poco fa*" with remarkable clearness and flexibility; her voice is, however, as yet scarcely formed, and her imperfect *registro* gave to some of her long *routades* of notes the effect of being delivered by two voices.

Mr. Thirlwell played several pieces on the violin with manifest command of his instrument; but we cannot admire his style, which is hard and stern; he should bear in mind the lines of Shakspeare—

" 'Tis wonderful
To have a giant's strength, but pitiful
To use it like a giant."

Mr. Thirlwell is doubtless a good orchestral player, but as an accompanist, and particularly as a *concertante* partner of a young *artiste*, we take leave to suggest he is totally out of his place, and, we suspect, both Miss Bruce Wyatt, and our youthful *debutante* will concur in the opinion.

Miss B. Wyatt, Miss Woodyatt, Miss Foxall, Mr. J. Bennett, and Mr. John Parry, Miss Dettmer, who possesses a pleasant *mezzo soprano* voice, and Mr. Perring a sweet, but not very powerful tenor, sang a variety of songs with well-merited applause. Miss Edwards executed two Italian airs in a style to convince everybody present (save one) that she has yet to acquire all the requisites for a vocal artist but the possession of a magnificent voice. Mr. J. Parry was, as usual, recalled, and, as usual, fulfilled an Irish encore, as the echo at Killybeg is said, when you call out one thing to answer another. Messrs. Clinton

and Jarrett were much applauded in their respective performances on the flute and horn; and Mr. Aspull conducted with great judgment and ability.

The concert was extremely late, and we fear the numerous young ladies who graced the benches on this occasion must have been wearied out by so long a sitting. It is awful to contemplate the vast waste of rose blushes and dimness of eye-diamonds which these midnight orgies are apt to occasion!

MISS STEELE'S CONCERT.—A very full "gathering" was attracted to the Hanover Square Rooms on Friday—the magnet of the evening being Mme. Dorus Gras, who made her first curtsey this season to her London friends, and confirmed her previous reputation as one of the most gifted, and least assuming, principal singers of the day. In addition to her two songs, she participated with Miss Steele in the honour of a most unanimous encore, of Mozart's charming little duet, "Sull' aria.

There were two novelties produced on this occasion—a song composed by Miss Mounsey, "There be none of Beauty's daughters," with a double accompaniment for pianoforte, well played by the composer and Mr. Benedict; and a *canzonet*, "Rarely comest thou," by Mr. W. L. Phillips—the former was sung by Miss Steele, the latter by Miss Masson, and each merited the applause it obtained. Numerous other vocal pieces were given with good effect by Mme. Lablache, Miss Birch, Messrs. Wilson, Brizzi, F. Lablache, and John Parry, the latter, of course, doing double duty.

Mr. Richardson, and Mr. J. B. Chatterton, played a concertante duet of national airs—the former is decidedly the *Flauto Primo* of the day; his *cantabile* or *sostenuto* has no rival; and the latter does more with the harp than it deserves, for, in our opinion, it is an ungrateful instrument, which never repays the ardent and lengthy wooing it requires. Messrs. Lucas, W. L. Phillips, and Howell, very adroitly executed a Trio of Corelli; but the selection was not a happy, at least not a popular one, and we suspect the performance gave more satisfaction to the players than the listeners—to the few, than the many. M. Liszt performed one of his pianoforte miracles between the acts, which was vehemently applauded. Mr. Benedict filled the responsible twin office of master of the ceremonies and conductor, with his accustomed indefatigable tact and ability.

MR. BENEDICT'S CONCERT.—When we last week soubriquetted this as the "monster concert," we little dreamed that it would attract and gorge so profuse a meal of patronage as the boards of the Opera concert Room groaned under on Monday afternoon—the boxes, pit, reserved seats, and several platforms constructed for the occasion; the spacious orchestra, the passages, and staircases; every bench, and chair, and square-foot of standing room—each and all, were not only occupied, but overladen; as though some process had been employed to condense humanity within its natural compass, and present in one *coup d'œil* the concrete essence of all the beauty and fashion of the metropolis.

To speak of the performance, we hardly know in what key to pitch our "positive," so as to leave compass for any "comparative" or "superlative" degrees of estimation—we will, therefore, commence at the most important, and by far the most effective, feature of the programme, the *Preghiera* from Rossini's *Mose*, arranged for the occasion; and when we tell that it was sung by Mesdames Grisi, Persiani, Viardot Garcia, Dorus Gras, Sophie Loewe, Meerti, Ernesta Grisi—Messieurs Rubini, Mario, Flavio, Brizzi, John Parry, and the two Lablaches, and accompanied by M. Liszt, and Messieurs Benedict and Costa, on two grand pianofortes, Mlle. Bertucat on the harp, M. Vieuxtemps, on the violin, M. Dorus, flute, and Sig. Puzzi, horn—we believe that such of our readers who had not the good fortune to be present, will form for themselves a clearer notion of this extraordinary performance than any thing we could write would express—with those who heard it, the delicacy, the surprising power, the light and shade, the *ensemble*, will not easily be forgotten or eclipsed. We congratulate Mr. Benedict on his having thus happily antidoted the usual monotony of a fashionable vocal concert.

The above-named brilliant vocal constellation executed a great variety of songs, duets, &c. of every possible and impossible description—amongst others, Mme.

Dorus sang a piece by Lebrun, entitled *Le Rossignol*; in which she fairly outwarbled the night-bird, and left her brother's elaborate flute accompaniment in the shade: and Mdlle. Sophie Loewe, the *debutante* at the Italian Opera, startled us with a *Grand Aria*, by Graun, said to have been composed for the once celebrated Mme. Mara, this piece let us into a secret of which we had not the least previous suspicion—viz.—that our vocal grandmamma's could *agilitate*, and *arpeggiate*, and run difficult divisions to the full as prodigally as their fair descendants, and that the extravagant executive in singing is, like every thing else under the sun, "nothing new." This song is a long-continued sequence of passages similar to those in the violin and organ parts of the *concertos* of Handel and Geminiani, extremely awkward for the instruments, and, one would think, impracticable for the voice—they often run on far beyond the ordinary duration of the respirative faculty—yet the songstress accomplished her task with an ease and freshness that in some measure neutralized the pain and anxiety we felt for her safe deliverance. We cannot be sure, until we have seen the music, that Mdlle. Loewe did not sing (by wilful mistake) all the notes of the full score, leaving the *grand Aria* to be smothered on the pianoforte by Signor Costa; be this as it may, this one performance is sufficient to establish her as an artist of very rare natural powers with the highest possible cultivation. A Mdlle. Meerti, also a new acquaintance to us, sang Schubert's "Ave Maria" in a very sweet and intelligent manner; and Mme. Viardot Garcia gave us a new *aria* by Mr. Benedict, with horn accompaniment, "Mentre ansiosa qui t' aspetto." The composition is remarkable principally for the evidence it offers of how improvable the Italian style of song is, by the aid of a little artistic talent and feeling.

M. Liszt, besides the *Preghiera*, and one of Thalberg's pieces for two pianofortes with Mr. Benedict, played his celebrated *Hexameron*, in which he executed the most difficult variations on *Suoni la Tromba*, by Thalberg, Herz, and Pixis, eclipsing them all by his own incredible doings. Mdlle. Bertucat played a *fantasia* on the harp; Sig. Puzzi "poured through the mellow horn his pensive soul;" M. Dorus played his Philharmonic variations on the Swiss Boy; and M. Vieuxtemps realized what we have predicted of him, by his performance of a theme from Beethoven, arranged and varied by De Beriot, and entitled *Il Tremolo*, in which he established his claim to be ranked in the very highest class of instrumentalists—a distinction to which, for the present, he can alone legitimately aspire. We have no hesitation in asserting that the performance of M. Vieuxtemps on Monday fairly rivalled all the *real* merits of Paganini as a violinist, without one tittle of the caricature and mountebank trickery of the late musical Croesus.

The concert was four hours and a half in duration, apparently the only drawback to the entire satisfaction of Mr. Benedict's multitudinous friends; in ordinary cases we have an easy remedy for this surfeiting influenza, but on Monday patient endurance was inevitable, for once in the room escape was impossible.

PHILHARMONIC CONCERT.—The following programme will best evince that the Directors are at length putting forth their long untried vigour, for the salvation of the Society:—

PART I.

Sinfonia, letter T	Haydn.
Recit. ed Aria, O voi dell'Erebo	Handel.
Concertino, clarinet, M. Joseph Blaes (his first performance in England)	C. L. Hanssens.
Scena, Non mi dir—Mme. Caradori Allan	Mozart.
Overture—(Der Berggeist)	Spolir.

PART II.

Sinfonia in C Minor	Beethoven.
Scena, Non più di fiori—Mdlle. Meerti, Corno Bassetto Obligato, Mr. Williams	Mozart.
Concerto, violin—Mr. David	David.
Duetto, Mme. Caradori Allan and Mdlle. Meerti (Tancredi)	Rossini.
Overture—(Calypso)	Winter.

Leader, Mr. T. Cooke; conductor, Mr. Lucas.

Of the great and well known classical works above enumerated, it is useless to give any detailed notice—indeed, we dare not trust ourselves to attempt it, lest we should be led away by the "sweet enchantment" of their natures, beyond our present limits; they each present a region, a world, we might almost say an universe of ideality—the adequate description of which might be infinite. Suffice

it, that the band were in good sympathy with their task; and that their conductor, bating a little under-speed in his time giving, and a somewhat colder feeling than might have been expected, ruddered them very successfully through their voyage. The last movement of Beethoven's symphony fairly drew the audience after them in simultaneous enthusiasm.

M. Blaes's performance on the clarinet displayed great taste and mastery; his voicing of the instrument is particularly sweet and happy. He has attained that extremely rare desideratum—the power of producing *pianissimo* passages with correct intonation; and his execution is at once brilliant and perfect.

M. David's *concerto* is a very musician-like composition, displaying at once the mental resources of a man of genius, and the dextrous capability of a finished artist. The piece is of the smaller *genre*, the *allegro* presenting but one, instead of three solos, and the whole three movements running into each other; it is quite long enough to interest an audience for the full display of a single instrument, and quite good enough to make even a critic wish it were longer. M. David is a first-rate player, and was justly applauded.

Mme. Caradori Allen, our best and special favourite in a certain style of music, disappointed us in Mozart's "Non mi dir;" she was evidently out of voice. Mdle. Meerti did better justice to "Non piu di fiori;" she sings in tune throughout her compass, the lower part of which is particularly sweet, and she possesses that true artistic sensibility which teaches her to produce expression without breaking the time. Sig. F. Lablache was, as usual, clear and correct.

MISS ROECKEL'S CONCERT, and that of the *Societa Benevolente Panarmonica* will be noticed next week—want of space prevents the mention of them in the present Number.

FOREIGN.

LEIPZIG.—The Spring Concert season commenced some time since, but only two attractive concerts have been given. Mme. Clara Schumann, better known by her maiden name of Wieck, gave a concert in aid of the fund for decayed musicians, at which this talented pianist reaped new laurels—even Mendelssohn, who presided, expressed his admiration; but the most attractive feature was the first performance of a new symphony by Dr. Robert Schumann. This composer had never produced any great work, his compositions being chiefly songs and concerted pieces for the pianoforte. This symphony is said to exhibit great taste, judgment, and originality, and to be free from those boisterous and extravagant *forte* movements which deface the modern school of music. MM. Regondi and Liddel, just arrived from London, assisted at the concert, and performed a duo in a very effective manner.

At the second Concert, given on 23d April, in aid of the poor at the Gewand-house, two novelties from a new composer, Julius Rietz, of Dusseldorf, were successfully produced. The first was a MS overture to *Hero and Leander*, and the second an ancient German War Song with an effective chorus. Both pieces exhibited great talent.

COPENHAGEN.—Music is but little cultivated in this city. M. Prume, the violinist, gave two concerts at the Court, and three at the Royal Theatre; and, although his first performance was but tamely received, yet he gained so completely on the Danish public, that he was afterwards received with an enthusiasm almost unparalleled in these parts. As a second-rate performer, he has good reason to be delighted with his visit to Copenhagen. Nide Gade has been declared, by the decision of Spohr and Reissiger, the successful competitor for the great prize of the Danish Musical Society, for the best overture, by a Danish composer.

WIESBADEN.—Benedict's opera of the *Gipsy's Warning* was most successful on its first representation in this town—the translation of the *libretto* into German, is by Herr Gollmick.

RIGA.—Dorn, the composer, is engaged in the composition of a new opera, entitled *The Banner of England*, of which report speaks highly.

MONTPELIER.—A new opera from a composer who has not made his name public, founded on Sir Walter Scott's *Redgauntlet*, has been successfully produced, it is entitled *Les Jacobites*.

LYONS.—An Italian company has been performing a series of the most popular operas in this city. *La Favorite* has been most successful, and Auber's *Les Diamants de la Couronne* is in rehearsal.

PROVINCIAL.

[This department of the Musical World is compiled and abridged from the provincial press, and from the letters of our country correspondents. The editors of the M. W. are, therefore, not responsible for any matter of opinion it may contain, beyond what their editorial signature is appended to.]

CHEETHAM—Glee Club.—The last meeting for the present season took place at the Mile House, Cheetham on Monday evening last, when the vocal strength of the club was augmented by the always welcome addition of treble voices. "Glorious Apollo" was the opening piece, and was followed by the trio, "In pity hear," Bishop, sung by Misses Leach and Graham and Mr. Walton. Glee, "Prithee, foolish boy," Callcott, sung by Messrs. Buck, Clough, and Sheldrick. Solo and chorus of trebles, "Here Aladdin," Bishop. Madrigal, "Now is the month of May," (encored). Glee, "My dear Mistress," Spofforth, by Messrs. Heelis, Walton, Clough, and Sheldrick. Bishop's quintet, "Blow gentle gales," by Miss Graham, Mrs. Winterbottom and Messrs. Walton, Isherwood, and Hughes (encored). Chorus, "The Golden Day," T. Graham. Storm Scene (from the *Virgin of the Sun*), Bishop. Glee, "Cold is Cadwallo's tongue," Horsley, by Messrs. Heelis, Walton, Clough, Isherwood, and J. Isherwood. Quartet, "What phrase, sad and soft," Bishop, by Misses Leach and Graham, and Messrs. Cooper and J. Isherwood. Solo with chorus, "Swift as the flash," Rossini (encored). Prize glee, by T. Cooke, "Let us drain the nectar'd bowl;" Messrs. Heelis, Walton, Clough, and Sheldrick (encored). Trio, "Vadasi via da qua," Martini, by Miss Leach, Messrs. Walton and J. Isherwood. Finale Chorus, "Let the lively Banja play," Bishop. Mrs. Winterbottom acquired quite a celebrity in Bishop's fine quintet from "The Slave." Her "Deep as our Despair" can never be forgotten by those who once hear it; it richly merited an encore. Mr. Graham's chorus is a clever composition, and will always tell when sufficiently rehearsed. The most marked features of the evening were the two chorusses of Bishop. With shame be it said, they are almost unknown or totally forgotten; yet they are both of the very highest character of dramatic music—perhaps too dramatic for performance at a glee club; however, it is much to the credit of Manchester that *there* these beautiful but *shelved* compositions are revived and appreciated.

BATH.—Some concerts have taken place at the Great Pump-room during the past week, when the performers have been one family—the Distins—father and three sons, assisted by the mother on the pianoforte. They have already obtained such celebrity in town and in the provinces, that to praise them would be likely to draw forth the same remark as was made on the panegyrist of Hercules—"Quis vituperavit?" The father on Saturday played "Oh no, we never mention her," on the trumpet, with a most determined encore. It was as much marked by tenderness and expression as could have been conveyed by the violin, violoncello, or clarinet; while the *crescendo* and *diminuendo* were even more conspicuous and affecting than on those expressive and almost vocal instruments. The "Echo Hunting duet," the "Hymn from Massaniello," the "Light of other days," and numerous pieces by Bellini, Donizetti, Rossini, Ricci, Auber, Storace, Bishop, and Balfe, have daily drawn down thundering plaudits from the first-rate musical connoisseurs in the city.

MISCELLANEOUS.

ENGLISH OPERA.—We very much regret to state that this ill-starred undertaking was suddenly terminated on Saturday night. Some delay having occurred after the performance of the last novelty, a piece entitled the *Handsel Penny*, the audience manifested its impatience in the usual way, which brought Mr. Balfe before the curtain, and he addressed the house to the following effect:—

"Ladies and Gentlemen—Above two hours ago I received a note from Mr. John Barnett, whose pupil Miss Gould is, stating that he could not allow her to appear at this theatre any longer. She being the third who has thus left the establishment, I am really unable at this moment to substitute anything for *Il Paddy Whack*, as Marcelline cannot be played, neither Mr. Harris nor Mr.

Selby being in the house. Had I known of this sooner, I would have put something over the bills to prevent your coming; but if you will wait five or ten minutes, perhaps Mr. Harris will arrive. This is the last night of the English Opera House, or at least of it under my reign.—(Cries of "No.") The fact is there are not sufficient funds in the house, and I am already burthened with five or six hundred pounds debt through it. I have done all in my power for the establishment; I brought my opera of *Keolanthe* gratis, for which Mme. Vestris offered me three hundred guineas, if I would have it brought out at her theatre. I had another opera by Mr. Macfarren, ready cast and studied, but I was not able to produce it in consequence of the secession of Mr. H. Phillips.—(Cries of "Shame!") I am exceedingly sorry that I ever was such a fool as to become a manager to an English theatre—in that capacity I will never appear again before you, but in future only as a composer."

This address was often interrupted by expressions of regret, cries of "Shame," &c. &c., and at its conclusion, Mr. Balfe was greeted with loud and continuous applause, which lasted for several minutes after he had retired. We are told that several of the subscriptions have not been fully paid up; if so, we feel assured that the liberal friends to the cause who came forward as supporters and patrons of the English Opera establishment, will forthwith transmit the full amount of their subscriptions to the proper quarter, in order to reduce, as far as possible, the distressing involvement of Mr. Balfe in the debts of the theatre; the original subscription was for sixty nights, forty-two of which have been fulfilled—but the true patrons of art and artists are not niggards, nor sticklers for a close bargain.

GERMAN OPERA.—A gross mistake appears in a few copies of our last week's number. We are not *personally* ubiquitous, and are therefore occasionally obliged to rely on other ears and hands; to such, and to the maladroitness of our printer's assistant, who might perhaps have been excusably sleepy at the midnight hour, are attributable the erroneous assertion that "*Mozart's Figaro* was played last night, &c." The fact is, that opera was deferred on account of the sudden indisposition of Mme. Schodel, until last night (Wednesday the 19th). We fortunately discovered and corrected the error before our whole impression was struck off; and, unwilling to run the risk of another blunder, we shall defer noticing the performance of *Figaro*, which is announced to be produced with "the whole of the music, for the first time in this country," until next week, hoping in the interim to find a leisure evening for the enjoyment of this most charming work.

ITALIAN OPERA.—The houses are nightly crowded—half guineas are shovelled out of a morning, in the treasurer's office, as coals are in the Pool. We trust a little of the gold sticks by the way, for the expenses of the Opera have never hitherto reached their present lavish enormity.

MR. BLEWITT.—This old servant of the public takes his annual concert this day at two; he will be supported by a host of professional friends, and doubtless the Music Hall, Store-street, will exhibit an overflow.

MUSICAL ANTIQUARIAN SOCIETY.—The first publication of this Society, "a Mass for five voices, by William Byrde," composed in the fifteenth century, and supposed to be the earliest mass in existence, is now before the subscribers; the work is brought out in a very superior manner, equally creditable to the society, the editor (Mr. Edward Rimbault), and Mr. W. Chappell, who has undertaken the business arrangements of the Society. There was a meeting of the council last week, when Mr. Edward Hopkins, the successful candidate for the Gresham prize, was unanimously elected to fill the vacancy occasioned by the lamented death of Professor Thomson.

DONIZETTI has nearly completed a new two act opera for *La Scala*, at Milan; and his three act opera for the *Opera Comique* in Paris, is in a state of great forwardness.

TERESA MILANOLLO, the infant prodigy, who is delighting all Paris by her wondrous performance on the violin, was born at Savillano, in Piedmont, on 8th August, 1829, of poor parents. At the early age of three years she exhibited such an innate love of music and retentive memory of tunes, that her father

determined on giving her the first rudiments of a musical education; she soon attached herself to the violin, and overcame all the difficulties of this (for a female) awkward instrument. At eight years of age she visited this country, and remained in England fifteen months. Since her return to France she has given concerts at Boulogne, Dunkirk, Lille, Amiens, Rouen, and Bordeaux, and has been received with the most flattering marks of public approbation wherever she has appeared.

SOCIETA ARMONICA.—The three last concerts of the series have been necessarily postponed in consequence of the performances of Mme. Rachel; they will take place in the Concert-room of the Opera-House on Friday the 28th inst., Monday the 7th, and Monday the 21st of June.

THE WESTERN MADRIGAL SOCIETY will celebrate its second anniversary to-morrow, at the Crown and Anchor Tavern; we shall give a list of the compositions on the occasion in our next; for societies established for the laudable purpose of rescuing from oblivion the sterling works of the old masters, are entitled to our best commendation.

THE WILL OF THE LATE MR. HARGREAVES of Brazennose-street, Manchester, has excited a considerable sensation among his fellow-townsmen. Mr. Hargreaves, who was a devoted lover of music, particularly of the Handelian school, has amongst other legacies, bequeathed 1000*l.*, together with his very extensive library of sacred music, and a number of instruments, for the foundation of a choral society in Manchester, whose concerts shall have the aid of full orchestral accompaniments, together with a professional conductor, leader, and organist, who *must* be paid for their services. We understand that the bequest has been offered to the conductors of the Choral Society. But the acceptance of the liberality of the testator is, by no means, unaccompanied with difficulties, as a compliance with the very desirable conditions of the will in regard to conducting and leading, and the instrumental accompaniments, would entail a heavy permanent expense which the limited accommodation afforded in the Choral Society's rooms would probably by no means enable the directors to incur. We trust, however, something will be done to meet the exigence of the case, and realize the laudable intentions of the deceased.

MR. BAUMGARTEN LEADER OF COVENT GARDEN BAND IN 1792 was also organist of the Lutheran Church in the Savoy, and remarkable for the depth of his theoretical knowledge in music. Some distinguished professors studied under him the principles of harmony; and he is supposed to have assisted many in preparing their composition for the public. But such was his modesty, and his habits were of so retiring a nature, that he was very little known in his day, and is now almost forgotten.

PROGRAMME OF THE SEVENTH CONCERT OF ANCIENT MUSIC, Wednesday, the 19th of May, under the direction of H.R.H. the Duke of Cambridge, for his Majesty the King of Hanover, Conductor, Mr. Bishop:—

PART I.

Introduction and Chorus, Ye sons of Israel (Joshua).....	Handel.
Anthem, Hear my prayer—Miss Birch and Miss Dolby	Kent
Recit. and Song—Miss Bruce Wyatt	
Concerto (A minor).....	Martini.
The Hymn of Eve—How cheerful—Miss Dolby	Dr. Arne.
Recit. Und Gott Sprach. Aria, Auf starkem, Mdee. Loewe (Creation)	Haydn.
Duet, The Lord is a man of war—Messrs. Phillips and Machin (Israel in Egypt)	Handel.
Recit., Alma del gran Pompeo! Aria, Piangerò la sorte mia—Mme. V. Garcia (Giulio Cesare)	Handel.
Aria, Il vostro maggio—Mr. Harrison (Rinaldo)	Handel.
Recit. and Air, With verdure clad—Mme. Dorus Gras (Creation)	Haydn.
Recit., 'Tis well—Mr. Bennet. March, Solo and Chorus, Glory to God (Joshua)	Handel.

PART II.

Overture. Chorus, O the pleasures. Recit., Ye verdant plains. Air, Hush ye pretty—Miss Birch (Acis and Galatea)	Handel.
Recit., Non paventar. Aria, Infelice, Mme. Dorus Gras (Zauberflöte)	Mozart.
Aria, Sento che un giusto sdegno—F. Lablache (Faramondo)	Handel.
Recit., Ecco il punto. Aria, Non più di fiori, Mme. Viardot (La Clemenza di Tito)	Mozart.
Terzetto, Soave sia il vento—Mesdames Dorus Gras, Viardot and Lablache (Così fan Tutte)	Mozart.
Aria, Mi paventi—Mlle. Loewe (Britannico)	Graun.
Chorus, He gave them hailstones (Israel in Egypt)	Handel.

MUSIC OF THE WEEK.

Thursday (this day), Mr. Blewett's morning concert; and Mr. Neate's first soiree.
 Friday—Choral Fund Concert in the evening.
 Saturday—Miss Laidlaw's Soiree Musicale.
 Monday—Rehearsal of the Eighth Ancient Concert; Mrs. Anderson's Morning Concert.
 Tuesday—Mme. Huerta's Evening Concert.
 Wednesday—The last Ancient Concert.
 Italian Opera—Saturday, Tuesday, and Thursday.
 German Opera—Friday, Monday, Wednesday, and Thursday.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

"An Amateur." The article on M. Chopin reached us too late in consequence of misdirection, and the additional postage charged on it. We cannot print the whole of it; perhaps the "Amateur" will give us liberty to use it at discretion.

"Query," who favoured us with the notice of the last Maidstone concert, is informed that we have ascertained on all but *conclusive* authority, that Mr. John Parry "is NOT a Welchman, though his daddy is. He was born, in London, of a Devonshire lassie."

Mr. J. W. H. is thanked.

J. Proud may ascertain what he requires to know by application to the young lady's father, Mr. R. Platt, professor of music, Richmond. The young lady is, we believe, in Edinburgh.

"A Constant Reader."—On application to the secretary, may obtain what he requires; of course, M. Laporte does not want a great band for the French plays.

"A Subscriber" is thanked for a communication, which is only too brief for the important subject it relates to.

WORKS RECEIVED FOR REVIEW:—*Chopin's Works*, No. 44; *Se mai turbo*, P. Clichetti; *Beati immaculati*, P. Clichetti; *I gaze into thine eyes, lady*, C. J. Frost; *Bibliothèque Classique*, No. 2; *The Hamlet Quadrilles*, J. Clark.

LIST OF NEW PUBLICATIONS.

PIANOFORTE.

Panofka Pas de Deux, danced by Mdle.
 Guy Stephan, and M. Albert, in La Fille
 de l'Exile Boosey.

HARP AND VIOLIN.

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NOTICE.

In answer to numerous applications and complaints from our provincial friends, it is respectfully stated that the "Musical World" is published every Thursday, at Twelve o'clock, so that London readers may be supplied in the course of the afternoon, and country subscribers will receive their copies by the same evening's post, or through their respective agents in the district where they reside.

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London:—HUGH CUNNINGHAM, No. 1, St. Martin's-place, Trafalgar-square, where Advertisements, announcements of new publications, and all letters for the Editor are received. Communications forwarded after Tuesday cannot be available in the current week's number. And at the Music Warehouses of

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